The Bolivar Bulletin.

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THE BULLETIN.
BOLIVAR, TENN.

JESSE NORMENT, Editor.

FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1885.

Churches and Secret Orders.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.—Meets first and second Friday nights in each month,
J. A. WILSON, Dictator.
A. J. SWINEBROAD, Reporter.

MASONIC LODGE.—First Monday night in each month. J. A. PAKER, W. M.
JOSH CARTER, Secy.

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF HONOR.—Meets third and fourth Friday nights in each month.
A. J. SWINEBROAD, Secretary.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. G. Keady, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayermeeting Thursday night.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. W. T. Locke, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayermeeting Wednesday night.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH Rev. W. G. Davenport, Rector. Services every Sunday morning and night Daily Prayers 4:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. V. B. McNeal, Pastor. Services, Second Sabbath in each month, morning and night.

Illinois Central Railroad.

TRAINS GOING NORTH, LEAVE BOLIVAR:

No. 2 Passenger,	:	3:40 A. M.
No. 4 Passenger,	:	9:49 A. M.
No. 7 Local Freight,		11:13 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 1 Passenger,	: :	12:14 P. M.
No. 3 Passenger,	: :	4:46 P. M.
No. 5 Passenger	:	3:07 A. M.

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Woman's Indecision.

At noon, she really does not knew,
At evening, she is doubting still,
At night, she feels quite positive,
And sleeps upon "I surely will."

The morning dawns upon the plan;
She rubs her eyes; she hardly knows
If, after all, 'tis wise and best,
Her troubled hesitancy grows.

By noon her doubts have multiplied,
She's where she was the day before;
She hardly knows at twelve o'clock,
And finds it is not best at four.

At dinner she's quite sure she won't—
Absurd to ever think she would,
By candle light she cannot tell,
"I wouldn't wonder if I should."

It's won't and will, and cannot tell,
"I hardly know—I may—I mayn't,"
Until some firm and sturdy will
Decides it for the pretty saint.

Sunny South.

Was it a Ghost?

BY ANNA W. YOUNG.

(Continued.)

The voice now seemed very near, and there was something so strangely and terribly weird about it that my heart began beating with unwonted quickness.

"Where is it, girls?" I whispered, springing up the steps. "What can ——"

"Hush," interrupted Blanche, extending her hand. My eyes followed her gesture and in the white, open space a short distance before us, standing in the full radiance of the moonlight, I beheld the ghost of a human figure. As I stood transfixed with surprise and something akin to awe, the form took a more definite shape. I could see the ghostly face with its waving hair and large hollow eyes that seemed riveted on vacancy.

I grasped Carrie's hand. "Can it be?" she whispered in a low, trembling voice. "Do the spirits of the departed return to earth?"

My face had grown as white as hers, and my heart was beating furiously, but, even in that supreme moment of mystery, I was about to protest, when the melody changed; there was no stopping of the voice, only the tune glides into another, as the snatches of song do in a medley.

"In the Land of the Lea"—that was the air, though we could not distinguish the words—that the apparition sang. With the first line Blanche and Carrie exchanged glances. The latter was trembling violently, and looked as white as death.

"Merciful Heaven!" she cried in low, horrified tones, "can it be!" Then as the music rose clear and distinct, "Yes, it is—I feel it—I know it is poor Cora!" She gave an agonized cry and fell fainting to the floor, and as she did so the song of the phantom suddenly ceased. As I assisted Blanche to lift Carrie into the room my eyes turned involuntarily towards the "haunted spot;" but the figure had disappeared, and only the moonshine greeted my intense gaze.

"It is very strange, said Blanche, as we discussed the mysterious visitor, in subdued tones. "Again and again have I heard Cora sing "In the Land of the Lea," in the same sweet, sorrowful way that it was sung to-night, and, then, there was something in that slight shadowy shape that reminded me of her, for the poor girl was terribly emaciated before her long illness terminated. No wonder that Carrie in her present morbid state imagined it was Cora singing once again in her old home."

When Crarie revived, she made us promise to say nothing about the apparition to the rest of the household, whose slumbers, it appeared, had not been disturbed by the midnight serenader.

"If it appears again, then you shall have my full consent to speak of it to the family and take steps to ferret out the mystery, if you please," said Carrie next morning, half ashamed of having revealed the deep under-current of superstition inherent in an organization so highly wrought as hers. We agreed to keep our adventure a secret, but every night at twelve o'clock, we took our station at Carrie's door, and watched, half in earnest, half in fun, for the phantom-shape. But it was fully a week before our strange visitor returned, and then it did not appear at the mystic hour, when ghosts are supposed to wander from their charnel houses.

It had been a long, gloomy day; a steady rain had proved fatal to all excursions, and indoor resources had been early put into requisition and exhausted. We were glad when "night dropped her curtain," albeit she did not "pin it with a star."

After tea, we gathered in the front parlor to spend the hours before retiring as pleasantly as and as best we could. Music, and dancing resorted to, but failed to amuse, and finally one of our party was selected to read aloud the "Fall of the House of Ussher,"—that blood-curdling, yet fascinating story of Poe. It was but the night for such lore. A violent storm was raging; the rain pelted mercilessly on the house; the wind whistled and moaned with selfish sound, while flashes of lurid lightning leaping through the darkness, followed by loud crashing thunder. We are deep in the horrors of the story, and there was a pause in the violence of the storm, when suddenly I heard, far away it seemed a wild, weird note I started and listened intently. Again I heard it mingling with the rain and wind, that had renewed their fury. There was no mistaking that voice; we were to have another visitation. I glanced at Carrie who was standing at a remote window in the large room. She had evidently heard the voice for her face was very white, and she trembled violently as she tried to pierce the blackness without, for a glimpse of the singer. I crossed the room and gained her side.

"You have heard it?" she asked in a whisper, looking into my face with wild excited eyes.

"Yes, Carrie, I answered, "but you must control yourself else these people will think you are a great coward, to say the least."

"I will, I will," she whispered, her clasp on my arm tightening; "but don't leave me; if I see her again there is no telling what may happen." She passed her hand over her forehead, and I did not fancy the expression her face was beginning to wear.

"You are nervous Carrie, come with me to another room where you will neither see nor hear this poor creature; she is a lunatic, perhaps, who has strayed from her home."

But Carrie would not accede to my proposal, and turned again to the window, bent on discovering the presence of the singer. Meanwhile the other occupants of the room had heard the mysterious voice. Had one of the ghastly corpses, lying deep in the vaults of Ussher, burst its cerements and stalked into their midst, they could not have looked more amazed and terrified. One and all were under the weird spell that Poe always exerts over his readers, and more than one pair of bright eyes had already taken furtive glances at the distant corners where huge fantastic shadows lay, as if expecting to discover in them some ghostly horror.

"What is it? No human being would venture out such a night as this? How weird yet how sweet!" these were the exclamations, uttered in deep whispers, that broke the silence in the room, as one by one, they stole to the windows. But darkness enshrouded the figure, and baffled their attempt to pierce her veil. "I'll get a lantern," at length exclaimed Carrie's brother, Tom, "and we will solve this mystery, boys!" but before he could put his purpose into execution, a succession of vivid flashes of lightning made the welkin brilliant, and we saw on the piazza, going through strange motions, the tall white figure that had terrified yet fascinated us in the moonlight a week before.

"Good heaven! It is Cora!" cried Tom, his face white as ashes as he gazed spell bound on the phantom.

"Honsense I exclaimed, making a sign to Tom to be quiet, for his words were having a fearful effect on Carrie. She was trembling like a leaf in the wintry blast, and her face and attitude expressed the greatest fear and horror. Quickly assuming a lightness of tone he was far from feeling. Ton sprang to her side. But at this moment the lightning again lit the night, and revealed, close beside the window where Carrie stood grasping the heavy curtain the shadowy phantomshape. There was only the glass between her and the "ghost," and with a shriek the poor girl fell to the floor. For an instanct we were spell bound as if that cry had been some weird incantation practiced by the ghastly shape outside:

"The boys" were the first to recover and hastened out into the storm in quest of the mysterious creature. But the search was unsuccessful nor has the apparation ever been seen since.

Carrie firmly believes the place is haunted by Cora's spirit, and has refused to live there, while Blanche sometimes pauses in her happy, brilliant career, to thoughtfully ask:

"Was it a ghost?"

To which query I invariably answer, "No."

They Had Oysters.

Mrs. Pewholder was holding conference with Miss Simple relative to having a supper at their church, for the usual purposes and objects made and provided for such occasions.

"You think a supper will be better than anything else?" asked Miss S.

"Oh, yes," replied the elder lady.

"What kind of a supper will you suggest?"

"An oyster supper, of course."

"But, my dear Mrs. Pewholder, you can't have an oyster supper."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because there isn't an oyster to be found in the whole town."

"We will have it all the same."

"But how can you have an oyster supper without oysters?"

"Miss," replied Mrs. P., with severity, "this is no time for explanation; you have evidently not been a member of the church very long, and I should say you never had any experience at all, on a church committee."

A Woman who was Contented a good Share of the Time.

"I'd like to know why it is," said Bilikins, "that a woman wants to be on the go all the time and is never contented at home."

"That's not the way of it at all."

"What's the reason it is'nt?"

"Because I'm contented at home a good part of the time."

"Well, I'd like to know when it is?"

"When I'm asleep."

High Tariff recruits in the South.

A North Carolina newspaper, the Wilmington Star, quotes a recent communication of a Georgia college professor to the effect that "the protective system of revenue" and federal oversight in internal affairs have a wide and increasing acceptance among us, and admits it to be a true statement. It does not appear so to any decided extent. In the old democratic and whig times, when Henry Clay's tariff system was a cardinal doctrine of his party, the South was more whig than democratic, as the North was more democratic than whig. There have been changes both ways at the South—none, however, more conspicuous than Clay's own state of Kentucky.

But it is nevertheless true that the friends of the present tariff look to the South more than any other section for recruits to enable them to put off temporarily any change in that system and to rivet it upon the country for all time, if possible. firm hold upon New England is gone and are losing what little strength they have had in the West. They are forced, as a last resort, turn to the South. They have in this section some positive adherents, but not many and the congressional elections of 1884, as compared with 1882, show show that even here the reformers have gained rather than lost.

The southern card of the tariff monopolists is their last, but it is not a strong one.—Washington Post.

Robbery and Attempted Murder.

UNION CITY, May 2.—City Marshal McClanahan received a telegram from Fulton, Ky., to look out for a negro named Tobe Bettle, who attempted to rob and murder a man named Gregory last night at that place. Gregory keeps a grocery store and the negro came in last night and asked for some mollasses. Gregory took his jug and stooped down to draw it when the negro struck him with a club, knocking him insensible. He then drew a knife and stabbed Gregory six times. He soon regained consciousness and called for help upon which the negro ran. Gregory got up, seized his gun and fired at the negro twice, after which he dropped from loss of blood. It is thought the came in the direction of this city. Every effort is being made to catch him.—American.

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There are upon our books the names of many subscribeas who are due us for subscription, both for this and last year, and we respectfully ask them to call and settle with us. We are continually improving the paper, and to keep this up we must have money. One dollar is a small sum to you, but the number of dollars outstanding on our books is a large sum to us, and would go far towards enabling us to publish in your county a paper that would be creditable to you and ourselves. We believe that those of our subscribers whom we have carried through the winter will come forward and give us the substantial encouragement so necessary, and which in some instances has been due us so long.

The subscription price is one dollar a year. If you are not taking it, do so at once, and if you are taking it and haven't paid for it, we will gladly write you a receipt for the year 1885.

We present you this week with an all home-printed paper.

He Couldn't See the Difference.

He came down a public stairway howling and screaming as if in the greatest agony, and of course the nearest pedestrian asked the cause of his trouble,

"S-sat down on a bumblebee!" howled the boy:

"That can't be so. There are no bumblebees around this time o' the year."

"Then what was it?"

"A tack, probably. I would not cry over it."

"Mebbe you wouldn't; but a tack is so near like a bumblebee that I can't see any d—difference—boo hoo." —Detroit Free Press.

A Terrible Catastrophe.

A terrible catastrophe occurred in Galveston at 7.30 a. m., May 3. One of the boilers at the Tremont Hotel exploded, killing several persons and wounding several others, doing great damage to the hotel and other property.

The concussion from the explosion was appalling.

The scene of the calamity presents dreary spectacle. Not one brick of the boiler house remains on another, but in its place, scattered half a mile, lies the debris of the building, engine pumps and boilers. The northwest wing of the hotel, about the boiler-house is badly wrecked. Fortunately but few guests were quartered in this portian of the house.

After causing the destruction the giant missile landed inside an adjoining small house and half out.

Various theories are afloat about the cause of the accident. Engineers generally agree that the boiler was defective, that its tubes were not sufficiently lapped over and welded into the masthead. It is believed the steam gauge did not register sixty pounds at the time of the disaster, whereas the boiler was supposed to sustain 200 pounds, but in the absence of heavy bolts sustaining the mar, heads of the boiler, it proved unable to bear half that pressure. The damage and loss to the building will reach $15,000. It is insured against fire. The hotel was owned by Col. W. E. Hughes, of Dallas. The body of Carr, the fireman, was blown over a wing of the hotel into Court street, The coroner's jury was summoned and viewed the remains, but adjourned until tomorrow. One thousand people visited the scene this afternoon and crowded about the neighboring undertakers' establishments, waiting to view the mangled bodies.

A Horrible Supposition.

Pittsburg, May 2,—The remains of Caruso, the trunk victim, were buried this afternoon in Union Dale Cemetary. It is now believed that he was chloroformed and placed in the trunk, and died of suffocation. The fact that vomit was discovered in the trunk, and that his lungs were badly congested strengthens this theory. The detectives here have been unable to discover any clue that would lead to the clearing up of the mystery.